

The Jamestown Journal.

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THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

O, Mother, tell of every gem
That shines in beauty round thy way;
Of flowers, nursed by the parent stem,
And fondly sheltered from decay.
Beneath its own protecting shade,
—It seemed those blossoms could not fade,
But Death with tyrant sway,
Called for his weak errand guest—
Mother, where wilt thou turn for rest?
Not the sky, for hush be there;
The same wild beauty o'er the dead;
And now thy quivering heart is rent,
Each ray of glory, far be shed.
In vain it haunts its soft blue
Above thee, eyes of softer hue,
A gentle radiance shed,
Amid thy pathway bright and blest;
The beautiful sky will bring no rest.
Spring, with her blossoms rich and fair,
Will weep and sigh in thy heart;
The brightest flowers that nestled there,
But spread their petals to depart;
And Summer with her thousand beams
Of joy and hope, will bring no dream;
There was not what thou art.
When Summer weds thy cheek creased,
And woke glad music to thy breast.
Not all the glories of the year
Can still thy soul's deep yearning voice—
Chase from thy cheek one bright tear;
Or make thy mourning heart rejoice;
The forms of thy lamented ones
Will ne'er depart, the thrilling tones
Of thy soul's choir, will ne'er be mute;
Will cling like fadings to thy nest,
And bring thee but a mournful rest.
The rising sun will bring no grief—
He for thy treasures looks in vain;
The silver moonbeams no relief
Can give to that deep throes of pain;
The starry host will thrill the sky,
Unnoticed by thy tearful eye.
And music's soothing strain
Hang idly on thy careless ear,
Its notes have lost the power to cheer,
O, is there nothing to give thee peace?
Pale moonlight, is there not a balm,
To bring thee anguish sweet release,
And o'er thy spirit breathe a calm?
There is a voice that sweetly swells
O'er sorrow's wildest, darkest spells;
A voice that can dispel all gloom,
Death's sting and give thee rest,
O, listen to the glad best!
"Bring to my arms the tender child,
My kingdom bloom with flowers so young;"
Thus spake the Lord and sweetly smiled,
While to his breast an infant clung;
I bear them to my upper clime,
Above the stormy shores of time;
And o'er each head I lay my hand,
In the bright gardens of the free,
The robe of immortality.
O, heed the voice; and though alone
Thy bark speeds o'er life's foaming sea,
Joy for the rescued, countless ones
Will fill thy soul with melody;
Thou wilt not mourn bereft of hope,
For Christ his stores of love will ope,
And show his loving heart;
Before which thy dear ones, blest,
O, mother, Christ will give thee rest.
A SOJOURNER.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

SANTA CRUZ, (W. I.) January 31, 1845.
I remarked in a former letter, that the fruits of this island, abundant as they are, have no comparison, in value, with our own. Nor are our advantages, in other respects, over those enjoyed in tropical climates, less marked and decided. Sugar, rum, and molasses are the only exportable products of this island. Porto Rico adds coffee, and Cuba tobacco, to their sugar staple. But each of these islands are indebted to us for the 'staff of life.' We supply them also with salted provisions. And for every species of manufactured articles they look either to Europe or America. Nor, taking the year through, is even their climate to be preferred to our own. The winter months may be delightfully passed here, but the islanders are as anxious to escape from the burning suns of June, July, August, and September, as we are desirous of avoiding the frosts and snows of January, February and March.
The planters are now busily engaged in making sugar. Their wind mills from every eminence, are playing merrily. We have made the acquaintance of several planters, from whom we have invitations to visit their estates, the drives to which, upon magnificent roads, shaded by cocoa-nut, tamarind, orange and lime trees, are exceedingly picturesque. The cocoa-nut grows from forty to sixty feet high, the trunk of which for thirty feet is without branch, limb, or leaf. The tree is not only an evergreen, but is for ever bearing, the lowest branches containing the fully-ripe coconuts. The branches, after ripening their fruit, go into the seed and yellow leaf, and fall to the ground. Above is a strata with nearly ripe fruit, then one with fruit half-grown, and finally another with fruit just formed. The tamarind tree is large, with a leaf like the locust. The fruit grows in a pod resembling the Lima bean. The orange trees are frequently seen here from 20 to 25 feet high. They are now in their glory. You can conceive of nothing more beautiful than an Orange Grove when the trees, as now, are loaded with large yellow fruit, hanging in clusters of four, five, six, and even seven to the stem. The lemon and lime trees are smaller, but produce almost as abundantly.
The mahogany tree grows here also, but not as thrifly as in South America. And the log-wood, looking as tough and crabbed as when seen in front of our Friend McClure's store, also grows in clumps by the

road-side. There is also the silk-tree, (the largest upon the island,) with a large trunk and capricious, but wide-spreading branches, which furnish a grateful shade. The cabbage tree, of uniformly graceful symmetry, is highly ornamental in groves and gardens.—The body looks as if it came from a mould or turning-lathe. The machine, by its fragrant odors, invites you to repose under its shading branches. But there is poison in its taste or touch. It bears an apple of such delicious flavor, that the temptation to 'eat thereof' is very strong. But this may not be done with impunity. Indeed, if you take shelter from a shower under this tree, drops of rain falling from the leaves upon your hands, raise blisters.

You are less exposed to danger and annoyance from reptiles and insects here than in most other tropical climates. There are no venomous snakes, crocodiles or alligators here. The Lizard abounds, but it is not only harmless but useful, in the war it wages upon mosquitoes. Doct. Stevens, an eminent physician, of whom I shall have occasion to speak again, who has a favorite seat for study and repose, under the generous foliage of a tamarind tree, has fixed a shelf to the tree, near his head, where he feeds the lizard, and where they, apparently in return for his hospitality, sit catching and driving off the mosquitoes, &c. &c. while their protector remains with them. The Centipede, whose bite is worse than that of a wasp, crawls into your bed or clothes occasionally, but not often.—Mosquitoes are 'plentiful,' (as the negroes say,) quite blood-thirsty, and sing as faithfully as those we encounter on a Canal Boat upon the Cayuga marshes. But if they get their infernal fangs into us during the day and evening, they are prevented by an impenetrable net which curtains our beds, from making night either hideous or horrible with their music or their sting. But the insect most to be dreaded is the Chio, or 'Jigger,' that steals imperceptibly into the foot and there deposits eggs which if not seasonably removed, produce 'Elephantiasis,' a disease which dooms the human body to drag a foot and leg which, in size and form, resembles that of the Elephant. This insect gets under the skin, and in six or seven days the part is enlarged to the size of a pea. If it is then carefully extracted without breaking the covering which contains the eggs, no harm ensues, otherwise the blood becomes inflamed, and the foot and leg swell so rapidly to a frightful extent, presenting through life a disgusting deformity. These deformities are very numerous among the negroes. On a market day, among two or three hundred slaves, you see thirty or forty cases of Elephantiasis, mostly among the old men and women. I saw a slave yesterday not more than 14 years old, with a foot and leg quite as large as that of an ordinary sized Elephant. The slaves thus affected are employed in taking care of cattle, sheep, &c. or doing light work.

The island is now very sickly. An intermittent fever has attacked most of the slaves and many white people, but has rarely proved severe or fatal. Such fevers, in former seasons, have been succeeded by leprosy, and you see negroes whose fingers and toes have fallen off.
My attention was called the other day by Doct. Stevens, to a phenomenon which reveals, in a striking manner, the wisdom and beneficence of Him to whom we are indebted for all our bounties and blessings. At sunrise the atmosphere, as far up as the eye reaches, over the Island, is transparently clear. Between seven and eight, when the sun begins to assert its supremacy, small specks of snow white clouds appear which gradually enlarge, and finally, towards meridian, have run into each other and taken a form which is described by the Island, presiding Canopy—or if he not irreverent to say so—an Awning, which protects the soil and those who dwell upon it, from the burning rays of the sun during the hours of its greatest power. But for this beneficent intervention of elements between the Earth and the Sun, its intense heat would prove like fatal to vegetable, animal and human existence. Nor is this, in the opinion of Dr. S. the only benefit derived from the cloud that canopies the Island. He insists that most of our rain, instead of being drawn from the Ocean, is taken up from the moisture upon the island, condensed and returned to us in gentle showers.

The late Joseph Tuckerman, of Boston, who passed the winter of 1837 here, kept tables of the temperature for the months of December, January, February, March and April. The mean temperature for December was 75.34 degrees; for January 76; for February 77.12; for March 74; for April 76. The highest degree attained by the thermometer was 81.12 in December, 81.34 in January, 82 in February, 84.12 in March and 85 in April. The greatest variation of temperature, in any day, was in December 71.2, in January 7.12, in February 8, in March 14.12, in April 7.12. The ordinary daily variation of temperature was from 3 to 6 or 7 degrees. These changes, unless the thermometer is consulted, are scarcely perceptible. The atmosphere, while the wind comes from the south east, as it does generally, is truly delicious. Blandly winds are pleasant, nor does a 'norther,' though not so safe for invalids, in the least disturb persons in health.

My bed-room is without window glass, and although sleeping with the Venetian blinds open, I have neither blanket, coverlid or counterpane upon my bed, and very seldom find it necessary to draw the sheet over me. The nights though warm, are neither close nor oppressive, so that your sleep is alike refreshing and delightful. From this healthful repose you are aroused at day-break by a gun from the Fort. From sunrise till breakfast time you ride or walk yourself into a good appetite; after which, for two or three hours, there is the highest and truest enjoyment in your Segar and Book.

There is now quite a Fleet of Merchantmen, awaiting the Sugar Crop, in our Harbor. Eight Danish Barks and Brigs, with one American Ship, two Brigs and two Schooners. The brig Eliza, of New York, is now taking in cargo, and will sail in five or six days for New York. Mr. Hill is also loading the schooner Onizmo for New York, to sail on Saturday.

The bark Triton of Copenhagen, is a very beautiful vessel. Her gentlemanly commander, Capt. Poulsen, went into the forest and laid the axe to the first tree for her keel, and then followed up the tree, directing every step, until with her sails set, and her flag unfurled, he stood upon the quarter deck of a fine vessel as ever left Denmark. She has cabin accommodations for sixteen passengers, and I really don't know where sixteen persons, at sea, enjoy more luxuries. Mr. Schoenro, who is part owner of the Triton, joined with Capt. Poulsen in an invitation to the Americans here, to Tea, the other evening, on board. We had a row in the bay, by the bright but mellowed rays of a moon.

"That scorns the eye of vulgar light," with music and melody, before going on board. After Tea the party came on deck and beguiled an hour in the 'mazy dance.'

A day or two afterwards, Capt. Davis invited us with a party of twenty, to Dinner, on board his ship, the Emily. This Dinner, graced as the table was, by several peculiarly American dishes, was exceedingly home-like, and when 'Absent Friends' were remembered in a glass of generous old Madeira, the eyes reflected the emotions of the heart.—Among the luxuries upon the table, was a profusion of Green Marrowfat Peas, from the estate of Mr. Lang, a young Scotchman, who, I infer, takes great pleasure in regaling his friends with delicacies, for on the following day, at the table of Messrs. Hill and Walker, who, in their bachelor establishment, 'live at a beautiful old rate,' I had the double pleasure of meeting Mr. Lang and of renewing my acquaintance with his fine Marrowfat Peas.

I have been surprised in visiting the estates, at the many little comforts enjoyed by the Slaves, and the neatness of most of the negro houses. These houses are in a cluster, near the Planter's mansion. Each family has its home. The character and habit of each family are indicated by the appearance of their house. If the man is industrious, and the woman frugal and neat, you see a comfortable bed, table, chairs, trunks, &c., with a bureau, looking glass, and a variety of simple ornaments, all tidily arranged. On the other hand, if the man is idle and the woman thriftless, the picture is reversed. They have only the necessities of life, and these, neglected and dirty, proclaim the wide contrast between industry and sloth.

Mr. Minura of New York, and Doct. Kellogg of Hamilton, O. C. left us yesterday for New Orleans. Doct. K. who is much respected, has not, I am sorry to say, yet realized the advantages hoped for by a change of climate. Mr. Minura is quite well. We parted with them most unwillingly. Of some four invalids from America, now here, all but four are convalescent. Miss Dodge of New York, is sinking very rapidly. Mr. Sears of Boston, is seriously ill. Mr. Butterfield of Chicago, has been unfavorably affected for a week, out is now mending under favorable auspices. Mr. Campbell of Philadelphia, who rather lost than gained health for the first seven weeks, is now decidedly better.

Doctors Upson and Moore, the former coming here for his health, which is improving, and the latter as the medical attendant of Mrs. Livingston; and Dr. Buckler of Baltimore, whose Son is very ill, have been exceedingly attentive and kind to all the American invalids. With these gentlemen, in connection with Doct. Stevens, who is known to the Faculty all over the world as a most eminent Physician, Patients have all that Medical science and experience can do for them.

Married, in Gardiner, William Bran to Sybil Towl, both of Gardiner.

We've had of females taking chills, To keep their skins for tan; But for the first we hear to-day, A lady fond of Bran.

RECIPE.—To prevent trouble from your neighbor's chickens—call the attention of the cook to the annoyance. This has often been tried with success. So, at least says an exchange paper.

Mike, why don't you fire at them as ducks, boy, don't you see you've got the whole flock of 'em before your gun?"
"Faith, so I have. mon—but when I get aim at one, another swims right behind him and me!"

From President Dwight's Travels. Sketch of the Life and Character of FARMER AMES.

In Dedham lived the Hon. Fisher Ames. This gentleman was born April 9th, 1758, of respectable parents and was educated at Harvard College, where he took the degree of A. B. in 1774. He then commenced the study of the law; and soon after he began the practice, was regarded as an advocate of distinguished talents. In 1788 he was chosen a member of the Convention, for ratifying the Federal Constitution. The following year he was elected a representative from the district of Suffolk to the national legislature; and was regularly re-elected during the presidency of General Washington. In all these situations, he distinguished himself by sound wisdom, most impressive eloquence, immovable integrity, and exalted patriotism. After his speech on the necessity of making appropriations for carrying into effect the treaty with Great Britain, delivered April 28th, 1790, one of his antagonists objected to taking the vote, which was to decide the question at that time; because the house was borne away by the power of his eloquence. From this period he generally declined public business on account of the imperfect state of his health; yet he several times accepted a seat at the council board. This, however was obviously done to serve his country; not to gratify himself. He loved retirement; and delighted in his family. For public life, at the same time, he had little relish. During his retirement, however, he never forgot the interests of the dangers of his country.—Feeble as he was, he published a few years before his death, a series of political essays, which were then highly esteemed as specimens of original thought and superior wisdom. Few men have so much good sense as Mr. Ames possessed; and none with whom I have conversed, a mind so ready to furnish at every call the facts which should be remembered; the truths which should be declared; the arguments which should be urged; language in which they might be clearly and forcibly expressed; and images with which they might be beautifully adorned. His imagination was perhaps too brilliant, and too rich. It would hardly be said, that any of the pictures which he drew, were ill-drawn or out of place; yet it might, I think, be truly said, that the gallery was crowded. The excess was not, however the consequence either of a defective taste, or a solicitude to shine; but the produce of fancy ever excessive, always exuberant, and exerting its power, more easily in this manner than in any other. To speak and write as he spoke and wrote, was only to permit the thoughts and images, which first offered themselves, to flow from his lips or his pen.

Mr. Ames was distinguished by a remarkable and very amiable simplicity of character. In circles where any man would have thought it an honor to shine, and where he always shone with superior lustre, he appeared entirely to forget himself, and direct all his observations to the entertainment of the company; and the elucidation of the subject.—Wherever he conversed, it was impossible to fail of receiving both instruction and delight. But the instruction flowed not from the strife of talents, nor the ambition of being brilliant. Whatever was the field of thought, he expanded it; whatever was the theme of discussion, he gave it a new splendor; but the manner in which he did both showed irresistibly, that they were the most obvious and the less laborious employments of such an understanding and such a faculty.

His moral character was still more estimable. His integrity appeared to be direct without effort, and without deliberation; it appeared to be straight because it had never been warped; to dictate what was right, because it had not learned to do what was wrong. His sense of rectitude, both public and personal, was not only exact, but delicate and exquisite. His patriotism was glowing. As a public man, Mr. Ames was an object both of envy and praise; but I should more strongly covet his private character.

Of the inspiration of the Scriptures he was firmly satisfied. It ought to be observed, that although he had read extensively the noblest works on the external evidences of Revelation, yet the Divine origin of the Scriptures was most deeply impressed on his mind by their contents. "No man," said he, "ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and simplicity of its language." To a mind like his, it was impossible that the dictates of a book thus regarded, should be indifferent. Accordingly he professed publicly the religion which it enjoins, and adorned his profession with a life irreproachable. Through the great and the gay world he passed without a stain. On its follies he looked with pity; on its splendors with self-possession. No opinion, no practice was adopted by him, because it was fashionable. In the devotions of his closet, and in the duties of Christian benevolence, he found a satisfaction, which grandeur rarely knows and applause can never confer. Humble, sincere, and submissive, he often shed, in intimate religious conversation, the tear of contrition, and lamented his want of fervor in his addresses to God. When his end was approaching, with a consciousness that it was near, he said "I have peace of mind. It may arise from stupidity; but I believe it is founded on a belief of the gospel. My hope

is in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. The Divinity of the Savior he admitted without a question, and it would seem, from a minute investigation of the subject.

AN ELOQUENT PRACHER.—There is scarcely an intelligent reader who has not heard of the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, of Philadelphia. He is pastor of the Independent Methodist Church, North 11th street.—His name has been in-day called to our mind, in consequence of reading a just tribute to his exalted abilities as a pulpit orator, from the columns of the Cincinnati Herald. His editor when lately in Philadelphia, heard him on the great subject of Christ's ascension, and he thinks it one of the finest specimens of pulpit oratory he ever listened to. In his fine passages of spiritual soaring, he held a dense auditory in 'breathless' silence. He spoke as he advanced, of the 'selecting array of saints and angels, the chariots and horses of fire;'—the cloud, dark beneath, but reflecting above, the glory of heaven; the pause of the Savior, when the cloud had received him, while the celestial host stood silent, as he gazed once more on familiar scenes—Nazareth, his birth-place, the temple in which he had taught, the desert where five thousand had been fed, the mountain of prayer, the grave of Lazarus, Gethsemane and Calvary.

Then began the ascent; the throng following, passing worlds upon worlds in their upward flight, far above all principalities, and powers, and thrones, and dominions, till the gates of the Eternal City were reached, when with electric power, he introduced the sublime colopathy in the Psalm, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the King of glory in!" He seemed to gather power as he rose into the heaven of heavens. His tall slender form stretched to its utmost height; his eyes flashing as with the splendors of eternity.—Every stroke of the pencil brought out a new feature—added a richer glow; every tone became more and more rapturous, till the ascent was completed, and the gates closed on the burning throne.

I drew a long breath, and felt as if I should be glad to descend. But no!—the preacher paused for a moment, as if gathering strength for a bolder flight, and then called his auditors to go with him to the glories of the coronation. I will not attempt to give even an idea of this crowning effort. One would almost imagine that Milton had risen from the dead, and in his lofty dictation was revealing the mysteries of the inner sanctuary. Without doubt, Stockton surpasses all men I ever heard, in a rich, bold, and well proportioned imagination. For were it not for its exact proportions it would seem, beyond measure extravagant. But, in his highest soaring, he moves with such ease, poises himself so dexterously, that the circle of the heavens seem to be his natural elements."

THE CHEROKEES.—A letter recently received in this city, from an eminent chief of the Cherokee nation, represents that people as already somewhat excited by apprehensions of the effects of the annexation project upon their peace and welfare. It may be remembered that in consequence of the filling up of the Mountain Counties of Georgia, and the adjacent portion of Tennessee, the Cherokees found themselves surrounded by evicted whites who, while in fact not half as civilized as the Cherokees, or capable of becoming as good citizens, deceived and bullied our Government into forcibly removing from their homes a people who they were bound by treaties older than the Government itself to protect and defend in the quiet enjoyment of their ancestral possessions. When the Cherokees removed West, their present territory was guaranteed to them for ever; yet already are the traces of the princely forest have disappeared from their fields and plantations, a large party in Arkansas is clamoring for their removal yet farther West.—If Texas be annexed, without some very decided action on the part of Congress, completely surrounding the new Cherokee Country with our settlements, it is obvious that these poor victims of civilized and Christian rapacity will soon be compelled, under some pretext or other, again to surrender their pleasant homes to the rapacity of the border run-sellers and the gangs of white vagabonds who live around and upon them. It is not possible that there may yet be found virtue and intelligence in our People to defeat some one scheme of rapacity and National crime? [Trib.]

OUR COUNTRY'S SAFETY.—The blessings of a good education must be extended to the remotest corners of the Republic; the children of the humblest son and daughter of the State must be educated well and thoroughly, so that in knowledge they shall be on an equality with the rich and the wealthy; and above all, the sacred duties of parents and the solemn teachings of Religion must never be forgotten. To our mothers and our fathers we must ever look for wise daughters, great statesmen, pure patriots and noble defenders of our country and country's rights. It is around the domestic hearth, by the efficacious teachings of the mother and the earnest appeals of the father, that men of undaunted patriotism and daughters of angelic purity are raised up to bless and honor their parents and preserve the institutions of the Republic.

[N. Y. Sun.]
These two lines are just put in, to fill out the column. That's all!

SCIENCE FOR FARMERS.—Whoever takes a hoe in his hand, or puts a seed into the ground, engages in the most important of the arts and sciences, but in one least understood. Whether a farmer chooses or not—whether he knows it or not—he is daily and hourly working with principles of science; he is performing practically what the philosopher examines at home, and what the chemist tries experiments with and labors to understand in his laboratory; he is surrounded in his fields by those wonderful operations which the most learned men often most desire to witness.—They who have most thoroughly learned the nature of the earth, air and water, light and heat, and studied most about the growth and nature of plants, are the men who most feel the need of those observations which the farmer has the best opportunity to make, as his work is among the scenes where the plants grow, the rain falls, and the sun shines.

Nothing is plainer to the farmer than that the students need such opportunities of observing and such experience as he enjoys. Nothing is more common than to hear him say so. He often condemns the writers of agricultural books and newspapers, for not going to work, instead of confining themselves at home; he sees and feels the reason why they should look at every subject on both sides;—and doubtless, if more men who study, should at the same time direct and engage in the labors of the field, they and the world would be the gainers. Some have occasionally been heard to say so, who despise all 'book farming,' and believe that practical experience is every thing. Let us look a moment at that question.

A plant in the dark grows white. What is the reason of that? A seed laid in a dry place will not sprout; but moisten and warm it, and it soon begins to grow. The heads of wheat lately taken from the wrappers of an Egyptian mummy, have grown and produced seeds of their own, after two thousand years or more. Why is that? A crop of corn, clover, or any other plant, in one season gets a thousand or ten thousand pounds of charcoal from some where. Where does it come from? Not from the ground, for it was not there. Ah! we need the aid of science to explain it.

St. Louis is overflowing with prosperity—according to the last Republican. We notice by its statistical tables, that there was erected, during the last year alone, 1146 buildings! Of these, many were churches, public edifices, and costly private residences. But great as the improvement men in 1844, it says the amount to be expended in building, in 1845, will quite equal it. Many blocks of houses, for business purposes and private residences, are already commenced or projected; and it is estimated that 40,000,000, of brick will be required for the consumption of this year.—Of course, a very large amount of mechanical labor will be required in and about the erection of these houses. We copy the following caution to dry goods merchants, lawyers, physicians, &c. of whom it would seem, there are more than enough.

While on this subject we may add, we think, with great truth, that other descriptions of business do not hold out like encouraging prospects. So many new dry goods and commercial houses have been opened here, within the last two years, as, in our opinion, to have gone beyond the actual consumption of articles of trade; and there must be a pause, until emigration shall supply the necessary demand, and authorize the location of new business men among us. We say this in all sincerity; for otherwise many, who have directed their attention to this section of the western country, might be induced, by the generally prosperous condition of our city and State, to determine on entering in commercial pursuits here.

We might add another last word. Our city is overflowing with professional men—lawyers and physicians; and there are so many accessions, as to require from us a warning voice to those who may yet desire to come. In both of these professions, it is an exceedingly difficult thing for new comers to make their way. The whole ground is pre-occupied. There is more than a sufficiency of talent and industry; and many respectable men are necessarily kept, by causes over which they have no control, from that prominence and usefulness which they deserve to attain.

BROOM HANDLES.—Twenty-three boxes containing some two thousand broomhandles, were shipped a few days since for London.—We understand that some persons are raising the brush in Ohio, and have obtained the handles from this valley, shipping the raw material to England, and there manufacture the Brooms. [Northampton Courier.]

The rules of etiquette, if we may judge from the conduct of some fashionable people, are too often brass rules, instead of golden ones.

The human body may be loaded with chains, the rack and the dungeon may waste the flesh and subdue its strength, but mind retains its freedom, still unconquered and unconquerable.

The Texas scheme, as passed by both Houses of Congress, unlike the failed apple of Sodom, has not the merit of even a fair outside.

going to the other extreme. No Kentuckian should hesitate to look any question full in the face, avoid himself of every light which he can command, and then form and express his opinions fully upon it.

As an individual, and a citizen of the beloved Commonwealth in which we were born, and with whose honor and welfare we feel our interests and hopes are identified, we are gratified that a subject so nearly affecting her honor and future destiny, is about to be submitted to the test of reason and the best intellects in the State. Let it be done

"In regard to the election of the full Congress ticket of the opposing party, there is, I greatly doubt, and I think the prevailing opinion is, even amongst those whose instrumentalities Mr. Hale was rejected, is that John Woodbury is *not* chosen. It is, however, one of those very close cases, where he is so nearly equalled by the canvassing of the returns in June that it is almost impossible to say in advance of the vote, indeed, that the rejection of Mr. Woodbury is not, for informality, may show that Mr. Woodbury elected or not, as town clerks may have been faithful or otherwise in making their returns.

"If Woodbury is not elected, we shall have a warm summer's work, and make our opponents, and, indeed, the whole people, as heartily sick of the 'General Ticket system'."

Hon. FRIEND HUMPHREY, the present Mayor of Albany, has again been nominated for that office, by the Whigs of that city.

Arthur Tappan has been nominated
the Liberty Party' of the City of New York
as their candidate for Mayor.
N. Y. Observer

but you have only to convince them: as above stated, that it is merely a practical application, or review of the others, and their objections will be readily surmounted.

of Dr. Hitchcock, President of Amherst College, and late Geologist of Massachusetts are secured in connection with this survey.

N. Y. Tribune.

W. W. LATHROP.
Jamestown, Nov. 1, 1841.

PLASTER.
SUPERIOR article of White Canada Plaster for sale by
S. W. PARKS & Co.
Also, Salt by the Barrel, and fine Dairy Salt, in great quantities, for sale by
S. W. P. & Co.

Centerville, Oct. 1844.

JUST RECEIVED!
50 KEGS NAILS assorted sizes, and going cheap, at the Jamestown Cash and Bar Store.
F. E. EDDSON

CAPS! CAPS! CAPS!
NINE quantity of Cloth, Fur, Seal and Oil Cloth Caps, all sizes.
F. E. EDDSON

